

OLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

meet FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA



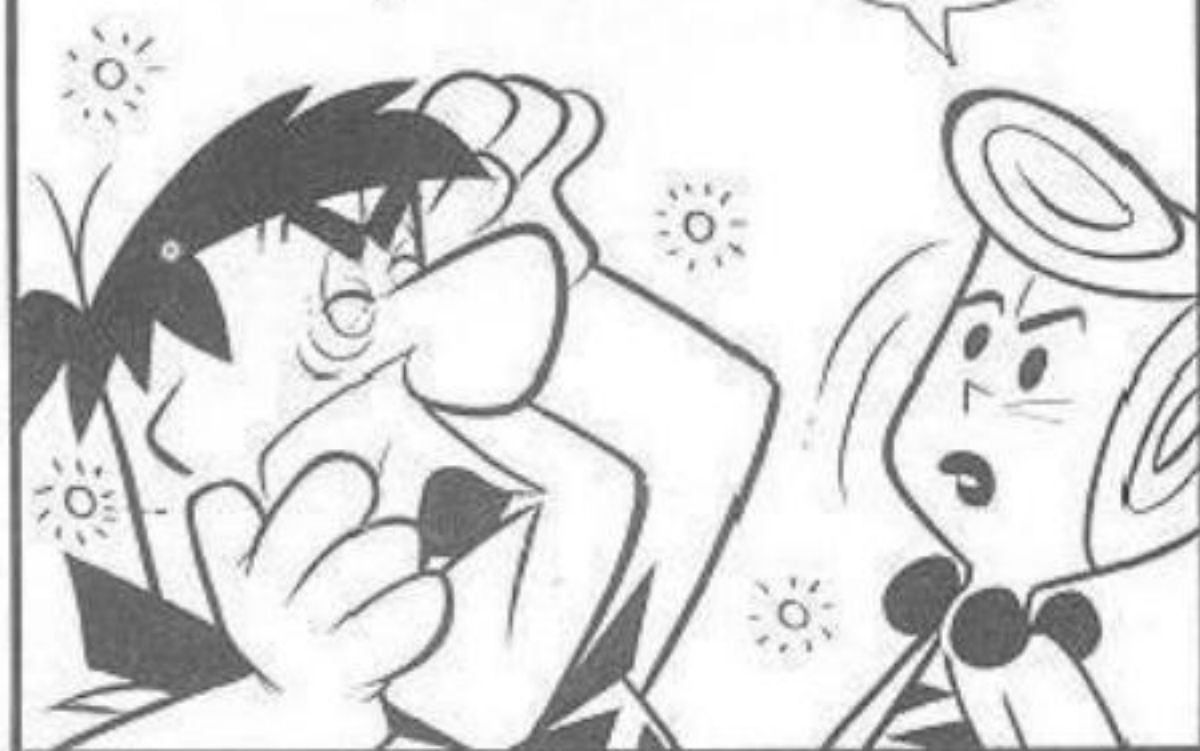


Hanna-  
Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES

OHhh! OW! Ouu!

THAT  
DOES  
IT...



I'M GOING TO MAKE A DENTAL  
APPOINTMENT FOR YOU SO YOU  
CAN HAVE THAT TOOTH PULLED!

NO!  
HOLD IT,  
WILMA!



I'LL SAVE THE  
MONEY AND DO  
IT MYSELF!



OKAY, W-WILMA,  
S-SLAM THE DOOR!



OKAY, YOU  
WIN...MAKE THE  
APPOINTMENT!

**SLAM**





Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES** meet  
**FRANKENSTEIN** and **DRACULA**



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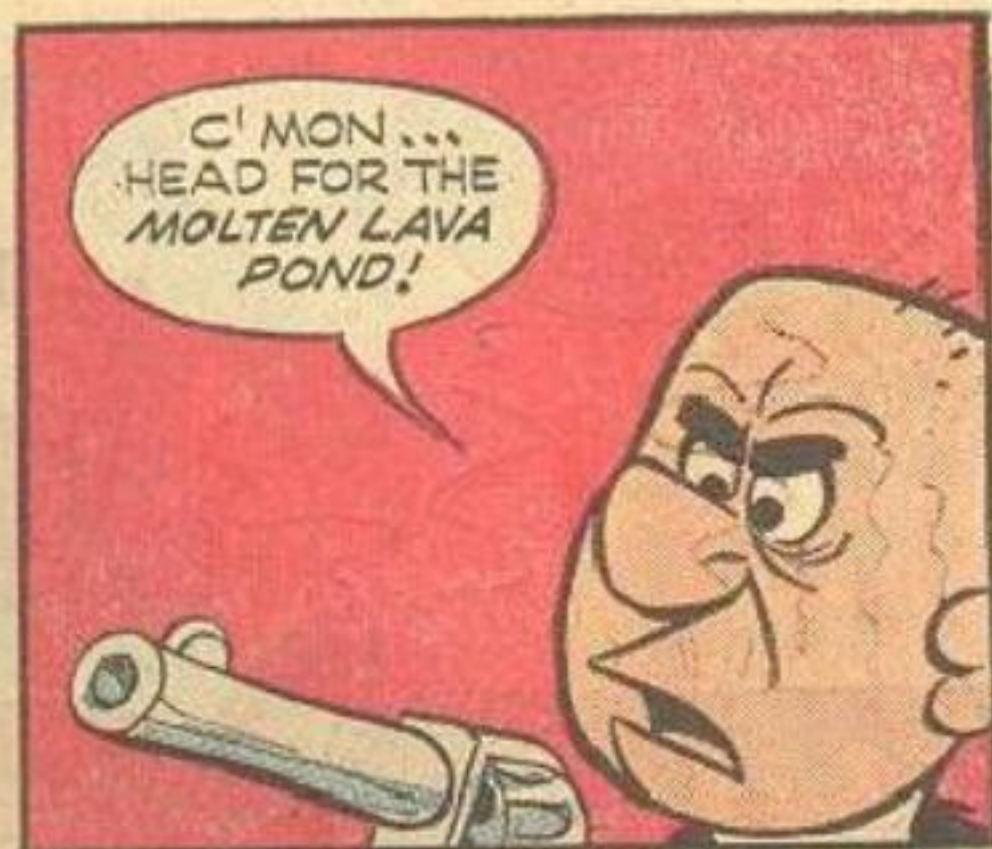
















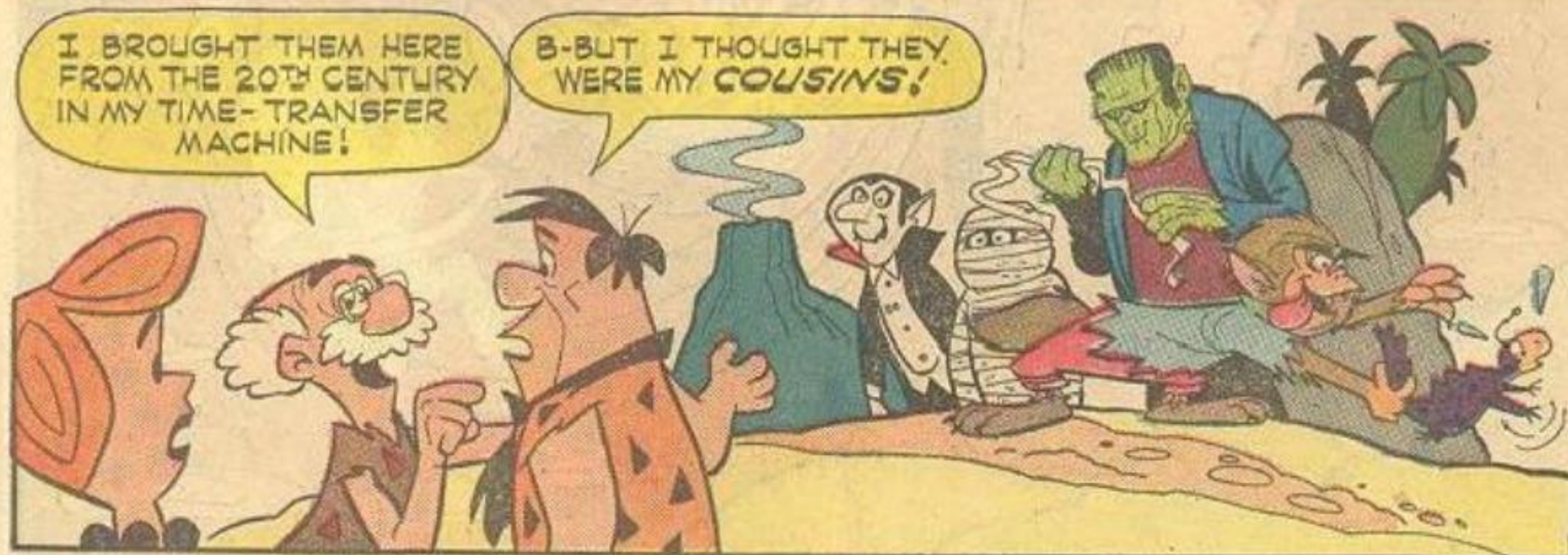








AND ABOUT THIS TIME, LOTS OF HELP ARRIVES...









# POP ART FLOP



"What was it you wanted to see me about, Sir?" asked Perry Gunnite as he entered the mayor's office.

"Well, I don't know if you'll take this job or not," began the mayor. "It might be beneath your dignity!"

"Beneath my dignity? Are you kidding?" Perry answered. "You just name the job and I'll do it. Sweeping the city hall, baby-sitting, polishing fireplugs! We private eyes have to be versatile, you know!"

"Yes, I know!" said the mayor. "But this particular job involves some stolen trash! Last week, when the trash collectors made their rounds, there was no trash! Someone had stolen it!"

"But who would steal trash?"

"I don't know, but it is all very mysterious, and I expect you to solve this baffling case! Will you try?"

So, the night before the next weekly trash pickup, Perry hid himself in an empty trash can in front of the bank. He fell asleep, and the next thing he knew he was being dumped into a truck.

The truck roared off, and after awhile it stopped. The back tilted up, and Perry was dumped out on the ground along with a huge pile of assorted trash and junk.

"Well, let's see what treasures we have here," said a voice, unfamiliar to Perry.

Perry groped out of the mess of trash to see a young bearded man staring at him.

"Man!" said the young fellow. "That's the craziest piece of trash I've ever seen!"

"Look here! I'm not a piece of trash!" Perry huffed. "I'm a private eye, and I'd like to know why you have been stealing this trash."

The young man's eyes widened. "Cool it, Dad! Did you say stealing? I didn't think I was stealing it. No law against picking up a little trash, is there?" he asked.

"No," Perry admitted, "but why do you do such a thing?"

"Well, I am an artist," said the bearded one. "Ever hear of POP ART, Pop?"

Perry had to admit he had not.

The artist shook his head wonderingly.

"Man, where have you been all your life?" he asked. "Hiding in trash cans? Come over here and I'll fill you in!"

He led the way to a nearby shack. On the wall was a large framed picture. Picture? Well, on some canvas was glued a conglomeration of old tin cans, bottles, torn newspapers and other assorted junk.

"That's Pop Art!" beamed the artist. "I created it all out of trash! And you know what? Somebody's already offered me a cool G for it... a thousand dollars to you, man!"

The next day there appeared in front of Perry's office a large board on which was glued some old tin cans, bottles, torn newspapers and other trash.

"If that clown with the beard can get a thousand dollars for trash like that, so can I," Perry declared, adding a finishing touch with an old horseshoe.

Suddenly a car screeched to a stop. A man got out and walked toward Perry.

"A customer already!" thought Perry.

"Does that belong to you?" asked the man, pointing to Perry's Pop Art.

"Why yes," Perry smiled.

"Then get it off the sidewalk!" the man snapped. "I'm the commissioner of public health, and there's a law against trash on sidewalks. Move it... now!"

"Oh, well," Perry sighed, as he lugged his Pop Art back into his office. "I guess as an artist, I make a good private eye!"



Hanna-  
Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES

COME ON,  
GET BUSY!



NOW SPIN THOSE  
CROSS THREADS  
EVENLY!



THAT'S  
THE  
STUFF!



WILMA...



THE WINDOW  
SCREENS ARE  
ALL UP!



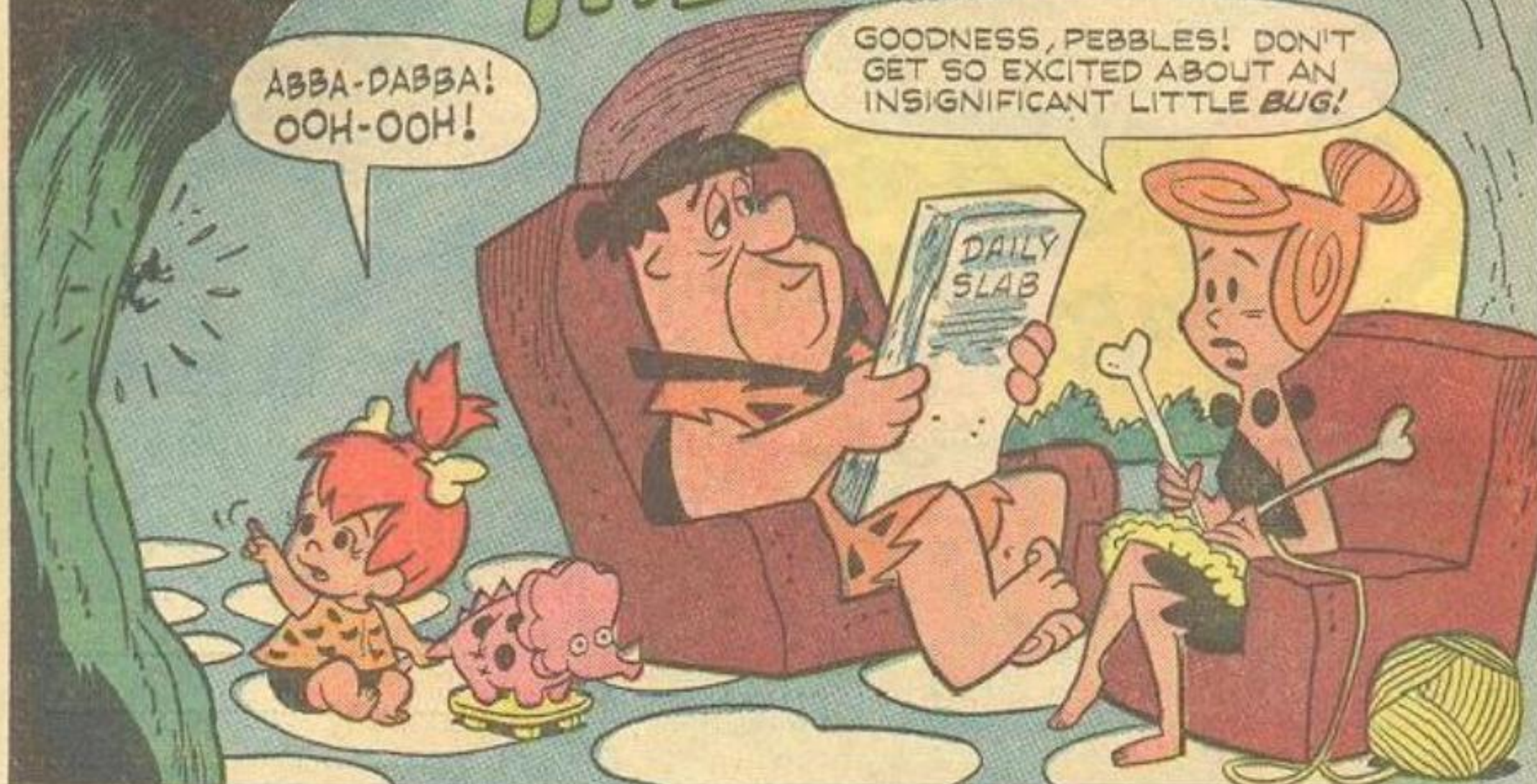






Hanna-Barbera  
**The FLINTSTONES**

# GETTING THE BUGS OUT







I DO HOPE FRED IS CAREFUL!

\* SIGH!

\* TRANSLATED: IF THEY'D ONLY TAKE A CLOSE LOOK ONCE...



GRRR!

\* OOH-OOH!

\* THEY'D SEE JUST HOW HORRIBLE BUGS REALLY ARE!

MAYBE SHE CAN INTEREST BAMB-BAMB... HE'S CLOSER TO THE AGE OF REASON!



ABBA-DABBA-BAMMY!

**BUT**

BAMB-BAMB IS IN SO MUCH OF A HURRY TO FOLLOW THE VOLUNTEER HEROES THAT HE WON'T EVEN BAT AN EYE AT A SOLDIER ANT...



OOH-OOH, BAMMY!

BAMB-BAMB!

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE OVERLOOKING!



MEANWHILE...

GULP!

UH-OH!

YICK!



FRED AND THE OTHER VOLUNTEER HEROES SEE A SIGHT THAT MAKES THEIR BLOOD RUN BACKWARDS...















MEANWHILE, THE BATTLE OF THE ITTY-BITTIES CONTINUES AT HOME...



I'M JUST GOING TO IGNORE HER!



IGNORE PEBBLES? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



THERE'S A TIME FOR CORRALING CRITTERS...



THERE! NOT A CREATURE IS STIRRING ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE...



...THEY'RE ALL CLIPPED UP!

BOY, WHAT A TIME! BUT WE FINALLY GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL!



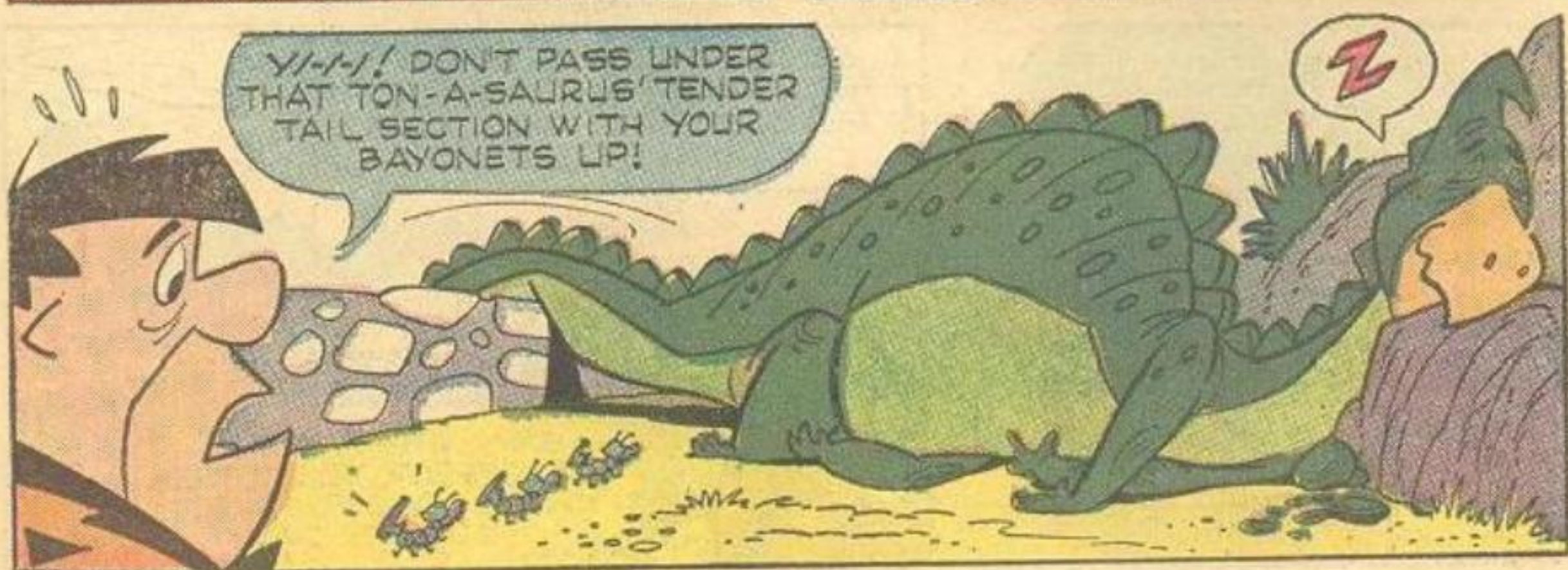
ME FOR MY ROCKER...













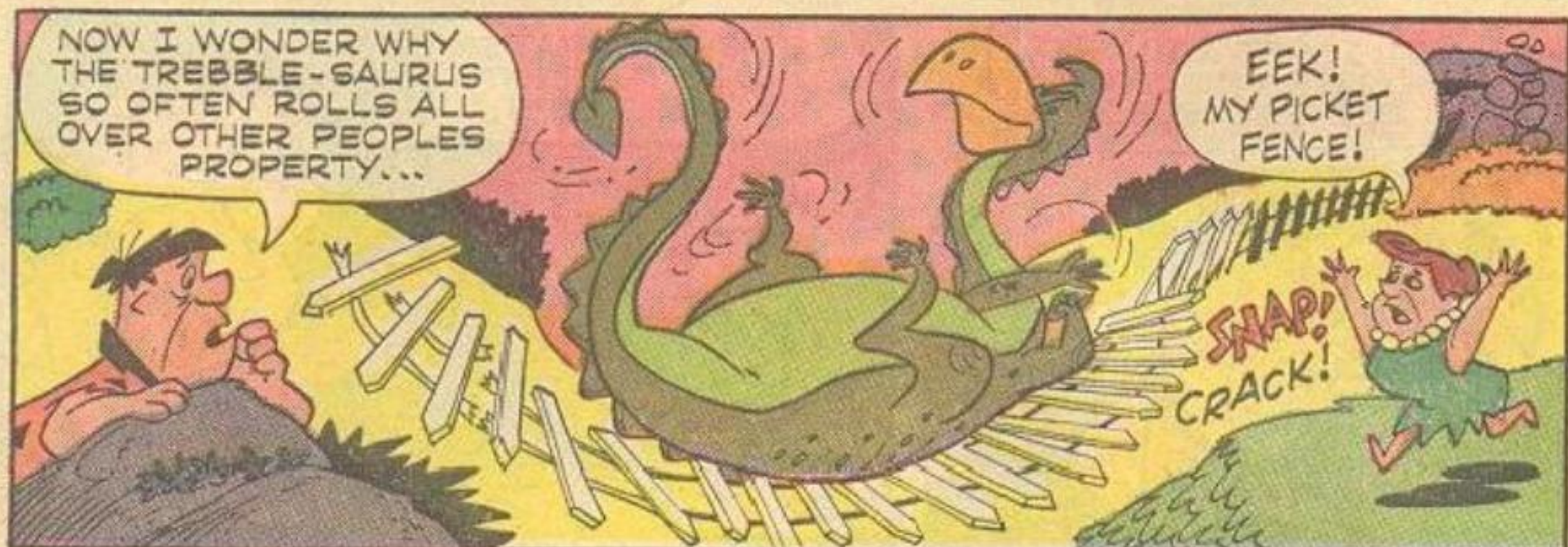


LEFT FLANK,  
MARCH!

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!



(WHEW!) I'VE AVERTED  
ANOTHER TON-A-SAURUS  
RAMPAGE! SOLDIER ANTS  
ARE THE CAUSE!



NOW I WONDER WHY  
THE TREBBLE-SAURUS  
SO OFTEN ROLLS ALL  
OVER OTHER PEOPLES  
PROPERTY...

EEEK!  
MY PICKET  
FENCE!

SNAP!  
CRACK!



AHA! AHA!  
WHAT'S THIS?

WHY, A GRUMBLE BEE  
WAS STINGING THE  
TREBBLE-SAURUS  
ON THE BACK!

BZZZZ!



BUT TREBBLE-SAURUS  
SKINS ARE SO THICK  
THAT BEE STINGS ONLY  
MAKE FOR AN ITCHY  
FEELING!



SO...THE TREBBLE-SAURUS  
IS ONLY TRYING TO SCRATCH  
HIS BACK WHEN HE ROLLS  
AROUND ON THINGS!

SAY...AREN'T YOU  
PROFFESOR TOPAZ, THE  
INSECT SCIENTIST FROM  
GRANITE CITY?







Hanna-Barbera  
**CAVE KIDS**

# SKISAURUS HUNT

THERE'S JUST  
ONE TROUBLE WITH  
**SLEDDING...**

YEAH... GOING BACK  
**UP THE HILL!** UGH!



HEY! THERE'S JUST  
WHAT WE NEED TO  
RIDE UPON...



YES, BUT A **SKISAURUS** IS  
IMPOSSIBLE TO CATCH!

THEY DON'T  
EVEN HAVE ONE  
IN THE **ZOO!**



SO WHAT?  
WE'VE DONE THE  
IMPOSSIBLE  
BEFORE!

LIKE WHEN WE  
HAD MEASLES AND  
CHICKEN POX ALL  
AT ONCE!



C'MON... LET'S TIE  
ALL OUR SLED ROPES  
TOGETHER INTO  
A LASSO!

I'LL SHOO  
HIM BACK  
THIS WAY!

















Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES

BRUSHES?  
FOOT POWDER?  
FLY SWATTERS?

NO-  
NO-  
NO!



FURNITURE  
POLISH?  
BUG SPRAY?  
COMBS?

NO-  
NO-  
NO!



POTS? PANS?  
POTHOLDERS?

NO!



(WHEW!) THE PEDDLERS  
IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD  
ARE DRIVING ME BATTY!



THAT'S FUNNY,  
THEY NEVER  
BOTHER ME!

